

6 october 94

Harold Weisberg
Frederick, Md.

Dear sir:

All of us - the whole country - we all took a fearful wound back in November '63.

Most of us did not realize at the time, what a fearful and incurable wound it was.

As long as we could think that it was an accident of history, it was bearable, we thought it would heal, we thought we would soon recover our balance and go on with life as usual.

For myself, I was uneasy: I knew that something was wrong, even before the shots. The great Cuban invasion, that grated on me, all the deceptions, the lies, they all seemed caught up in some kind of hatefulness. Adlai - even Adlai Stevenson stood up and lied his head off in the world assembly.

I was already hit before Jack Kennedy ever went to Dallas.

Then came the murder. I was pretty cool about it, I just shrugged my shoulders and went on with the daily grind. The people around me expressed sorrow, dismay, the usual emotions you feel at this kind of thing.

The worm of doubt was not in us. We were as docile as sheep, milling around in the pen waiting for the knife. I scanned the Warren Report casually, I accepted it casually - what else could I do? How could I challenge this imposing group of prestigious men? I didn't know what had happened, how could I? I didn't have any way to challenge.

I didn't want to challenge. Nobody did. Unconsciously we wanted to believe it was an accident, something done by a lunatic, having no meaning, no consequences other than bereavement.

Then there came that fateful day when I picked up some book about the murder - not one of yours - and read about the bike cop who saw the pigeons fly off the roof of the Depository, went charging in there, and found our young man standing in the lunch room drinking a coke.

Wait a minute....WAIT A DAMN MINUTE....nobody is that cool, nobody can run upstairs, take a pop at the President, run back downstairs, and stand around drinking a coke? nobody.....

The worm of doubt crawled in through my ear, made a home in there, and ^{was} lived in my consciousness for the next thirty years.

Most people have decided to stay on the surface of things, to accept the official version of things, to do anything rather than rip the bandage off this suppurating wound, and face the consequences. To see this terrifying fact, to know that this was not an accident but a carefully staged coup involving agencies of the government, the Army, CIA, FBI, the Power Elite of this country - to bring this up into the full light of day, confront it and deal with it - this is beyond the ability of most people.

For myself, I had no choice: like it or not, I had to cope with it as best I could, or go under.

To confront the idea that our country has been taken over by vicious men, that we have entered upon a stage of our history where the very idea of government serving the will of the governed, has been abandoned, for ever - that is painful, it is malignant, it is hardly to be borne.

The murder of Jack Kennedy is malignant, it is a cancer on the body politic, a cancer which can never be healed....It breaks my heart to think that this country can never be whole and healthy again.

I have become an outsider, a permanent exile, a stranger in a strange land. There is no way I can heal this wound, like the wound of the Fisher King, it emasculates, it suppurates, I will never be healthy again.....

The only way I have been able to cope with this dreadful thing at all, to stay afloat in a sea of lies, is to cling to the idea of truth, like Odysseus clinging to the mast of his storm-wrecked ship. I have the blind unreasoning urge to read all the books, to know and understand the hateful thing in all its detail. I feel that if I can just cut my way through the jungle of official lies, and get at the kernel of truth - that way lies sanity, safety, the means of staying afloat in this awful sea of offal.

So this is to thank you for your help in staying afloat. You are my physician, and I want to thank you for assistance, to acknowledge my debt while I can. To search untiringly for truth in the face of the impossible weight of official lies - that is no mean way to spend your days.

I salute you, sir. And leave you with an aphorism that sounds like it must have come from Vonnegut or some other crazy:

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH HAS TO BE ITS OWN REWARD, BECAUSE IT
DOESNT HARDLY EVER BRING IN MUCH BREAD.

616 S. Off, Columbia SO 29205

Thad
Thad Drehr

p.s. We are told that the Great Commandment is to love God with all our hearts.

A foolish teaching: how can you love God, Something you cannot apprehend in any way ?

What we can love is those attributes of Himself that appear to us as the eternal Ideas:

TRUTH, BEAUTY, GOODNESS, JUSTICE, PRECISION, INTEGRITY,....

To love truth is to turn your face toward Himself ?

Why dont you call David Belin and tell him that for thirty years he has turned his face from God ?

Make him laugh at that.